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Not Like The Books Say



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Chapter 1 by Briana Collins

Sometimes I feel cluttered, but the room is vague and clean. I hate that feeling. I don't understand why things always seem the opposite for me. It's like my life is an ice cream parlor and when I go to order my favorite flavor, they speak some foreign language and never get it right. I always end up with some nasty, bottom of the bucket, thawed and refrozen a thousand times, scraps. I have read about the girl who gets the boy and life is all happily ever after, but every boy that I get, isn't worth the effort I put in. I also read fairy tales where the family has a picnic every Sunday, and papa's got a stable and steady job, and momma stays home and takes care of the babies. I have never known these stories to be true. Until my 15th birthday.

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